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The Times' Daily Short Story.

Expressing the Baby.

(Original.)

During the illness of Mrs. Dolittle, wife of Dan Dolittle, carpenter, her baby was in care of her sister in Rosefield, fifty miles away. At the mother's recovery, the father having a job in Rosefield and not wishing to spend the time himself on the journey back, it occurred to him to send the child home under care of the baggage-man of the train, whom he knew well.

He found a little chest that would do very well for a traveling crib. His sister lined it with blankets, put a feather pillow in the bottom and when all was ready deposited the child. Dan put on a tag as a precaution in case the contents fell into other hands than the baggage-man, addressing the chest to "Mrs. Daniel Dolittle, Birkville. This Side Up With Care, Glass." There was no provision in marking it glass, for the baby's bottle was there ready for use. There were a flat hook and a staple to hold the lid down when closed, but it was not intended that the lid should be closed. Just before train time the father carried his baby to the station and turned it over to the baggage-man, who received it willingly, set it on a trunk and put the nipple on the bottle into the youngster's mouth.

An hour later Dan Dolittle saw an "extra" announcing that a bridge had broken under the train on which he had sent his baby and let the first two cars into the river. He ran to the station and, getting on a relief train, went to the scene of the accident. The baggage car was partly immersed, the baggage-man had been killed or drowned, and there was no sign of the baby.

Dan worked all the afternoon moving trunks and hunting for his child's body without avail. While he was at work his wife, who knew the baby was on the wrecked train, arrived, and he was obliged to announce to her that the child had doubtless been thrown out of the car door, which was open at the time of the accident, and buried under the car or heavy trunks at the bottom of the river. The poor woman was hysterical. Dan begged her to go home, but she would not till she knew something of the manner of her baby's death. So he let her stay till the wreck had been removed, but as there were still no indications of what had become of the child husband and wife went to their desolate home broken hearted.

A month passed without any developments as to whether the baby had been crushed or drowned. This uncertainty worked upon the mother's mind, and there was no comfort for her. Had her child died in its bed she would doubtless have recovered from the shock in time. But she brooded over the poor little thing's horrible taking off till Dan began to fear that he would have to send her to a sanitarium.

One morning there was a heavy rattling of wagon wheels on the street before the door and a sharp ring at the

bell. Mrs. Dolittle answered the call, and an express wagon driver handed her a book and a pencil to sign for a package. She signed wonderingly, and the man delivered an oblong box. On it was a tag with the address: "Mrs. Daniel Dolittle, Birkville. This Side Up With Care, Glass." Mrs. Dolittle unhooked the lid and opened it.

"Mother of heaven!" she exclaimed and forthwith fainted.

It happened that it was noon, and Dan was momentarily expected home from his work. How long it was after the receipt of the package before he arrived cannot be known, but it was probably very soon. There in the hall was his wife lying on the floor unconscious beside the identical chest in which he had placed her child before sending it homeward, and in it was that child, looking as ruddy as an autumn apple, pulling away on a bottle.

If Dan hadn't been a man he would probably have fainted too. As it was, he rushed for water, sprinkled it in his wife's face and brought her to. By this time her senses were ready to receive the impression that her baby was alive and well. She snatched it from its traveling crib and hugged it to her breast, covering it with kisses. Then she put it back and covered Dan with kisses. Then she cried a little and laughed a little, never for a moment wondering how her child could come back to her in this strange manner. But Dan, spying a note in the chest, opened it and read it. It explained matters.

A short distance below the scene of the accident stood an ignorant, stupid German couple. Neither of them heard of the bridge breaking down, and if they had they would never have connected it with what followed. The German was coming across the river in his punt when he saw a floating box. The water was smooth, and the box sailed along right side up. The man took it in, pulled out the book, raised the lid and saw a baby. It was unconscious, and he supposed it dead. Taking it to his hut on the bank, his wife gave it some warm milk, and it revived. The woman, who was childless, believed the Lord had sent her the baby and would not give it up. She kept it a month, when her husband, discovering that it was costing him a good deal of milk and fearing they might get into trouble if they kept it, prevailed upon her to send it on according to the address on the tag. So he took it to an express office, where the clerk after pondering awhile whether to accept such fragile freight concluded to pass it on, especially as it would be delivered within a couple of hours.

It is probable that at the time of the accident the lid closed, the book slipped into the staple, the box was thrown into the river and floated to the German.

GERTRUDE GOWAN.

The Teeth.

A few drops of tincture of myrrh in a glass of tepid water, used as a gargle, will help to sweeten the breath. Scrupulous care of the teeth and of the digestion will generally correct impure breath at once.

FEMININE FANCIES.

How to Distinguish Some of the New Materials.

Marquessette is woven like a very fine grenadine, and mexicana is a sheet barred muslin with printed floral designs. Spider silk is a silk and cotton fabric in a loose poplin weave printed also in floral designs. Eolienne is of the same nature. Plumette is on the order of swiss muslin, with a little woven dot or all over design.

Columbine is a pinkish red, and coquelicot is almost a flame color. The shade of reseau shown this season is fairly bright and very soft and clear. It hovers between sage green and a deep emerald. Gobelina blue is a greenish gray blue, deeper than cadet and very attractive.

A tone of green leaves has a mass of pink wings at one side and not a single flower on it.

Cherries and lilies of the valley are one of the combinations fancied for a spring hat.

Yoke and neck garnishments of all evening dresses are of white or cream



SWISS CORSET COVER—5033.

lace, except in the case of all black gowns. Even the dyed laces, so profusely used as decorations in other ways, give place to the yoke of white or are lined with white children's net.

Dotted swiss is one of the latest materials to be used for corset covers, and some dainty, charming effects are the result. Here is one that is made in jumper style that is drawn over the head without any opening, ribbon threaded through beading regulating the size.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

The Invention of Armor.

The idea of the invention of armor for the protection of the body from weapons came from the ancients, who, noticing the natural armor of various kinds of animals, particularly the armadillo, imitated it. In early times before metal was used in armor making the warriors used rough hides of several thicknesses, and the first armor ever worn was made from slices taken from the hoofs of horses and fastened together with pegs. Fish scales and the scales of large snakes were also gathered and fastened together until they formed a thick layer and were used as armor. The armor of the middle ages was a continuation of the ancient kind, made in the form of scales of iron or steel. Certain kinds of mail used in early times in England were copied from the shells of crabs and lobsters.—Minneapolis Journal.

First Thought in Danger.

"Talking of the foolish things one thinks about even when in the midst of danger," remarked one of a group the other night, "I had promised my wife never to travel at night, and it is something I have always avoided, but necessity compelled it a few weeks ago, and as luck would have it there was an accident and the cars were derailed. As the one in which I had my berth was rolling down an embankment and I was in the midst of blankets, pillows, grips, etc., the terrible thought flashed across my mind: 'What shall I tell Molly? Here I am traveling at night!'"—Columbus Dispatch.

Burial of Sir John Moore.

The city of Cornuna, where Sir John Moore was killed, is a seaport at the entrance to the estuary of the Mero river, 315 miles northwest of Madrid. The famous poem by Charles Wolfe is a misrepresentation of the scene of the burial, for Moore was not buried at night with "four lanterns dimly burning," but in the early morning of a rainy day, and the soundings of English officers round the grave was dispersed by heavy artillery fire from the French batteries, the gunners mistaking the purpose of the gathering.

The Cold Spots.

The "cold spots," meaning thereby the surface areas peculiarly susceptible to cold, are principally the nape of the neck and the lower part of the back of the head, the front of the abdomen and the shins.

MAKE TEST OF NEW LAW

Which Requires Equal Privileges For Telephone Cos.

IN THE STATE OF VERMONT

Peoples' Company of Orleans County
Asked for Privilege of Installing
Phone at Barton
Landing.

St. Albans, June 10.—Among the acts of the legislature of 1906 to be taken to test their validity is one providing that all railroad companies, street railroad companies, excepted, which do business in the state, shall grant equal privileges to all telephone companies in the state, having not less than 500 telephone connections, for installing instruments in railroad stations.

The People's Telephone company of Orleans county recently applied to the Boston & Maine Railroad company for the privilege of installing an instrument in the station at Barton Landing. This request was refused.

State's Attorney E. A. Cook and Attorney General Charles C. Fitts thereupon filed an information against the railroad company at a special term of Orleans county court. A judgment of guilty, pro forma, was rendered. The case was appealed to the supreme court and will be heard at the October term.

The railroad company maintains that it has an exclusive contract with another telephone company, made before the passage of the act, and that the act impairs the obligation of that contract. The railroad company also holds that the act requires it to devote its property to another use than that required in its charter and therefore is unconstitutional.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Showing the Successive Changes in the English Language.

Few scholars even are aware of the great changes through which the English language has passed in successive centuries. Following are specimens of the Lord's Prayer as used at various periods in English history:

A. D. 1158—Fader ur heune, haleweide beith thil neune, cumin thil kumeriche, thil weith idon in heune and in erthe. The surgen dawre biend, gif us thil dawe. And vorif us detours as vi ponalrafen ure detours. And lene us nougt into tentation, bot delvour us of evil. Amen.

A. D. 1300—Fader ure in hevene, halewyn be thil name, thil kingdom come, they will be done as in hevene and earthe. Oua urche dawe breid give us to dawe. And-forgive ure detours as we forgive ure detours. And lead us nor in temptation, bote delvour us of evil. Amen.

A. D. 1370—Oure fadir that art in hevene, hallowid be thil name, thil kingdom come, be thil wille done in earthe as in hevene, geve to us this oure breed oure substance forgoene to use oure detours as we forgoene to oure detours, lede us not into temptation, bot delvour us of evil. Amen.

A. D. 1524—O our father which arte in heven, hallowid by thy name. Let thy kingdom come. They will be done, as in heven, in earth also. Give us today our superlatistal bread. And forgive us our detours as we forgive our detours. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1563—Our father which are in heven, sanctified by thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heven, in earth also. Give us today our superlatistal bread. And forgive us our detours as we forgive our detours. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1711—Our father which are in heven, hallowid by thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heven. Give us this day our daylie bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

He Was Overdue.

The master of a large southern plantation would fire off a small cannon every evening at 6 o'clock as a signal to the people living on his land. One evening at the time for the usual boom the master was away. Two of his negroes, John and Jim, had long desired to fire the cannon, but had never had a chance to do so. They decided to make the trial on this afternoon, but thought that it would be best for them to have the cannon make no sound. It was decided that Jim should hold a water bucket over the mouth of the cannon while John applied the fuse. The piece was touched off, there was a great boom, and John looked up to find that his friend was gone.

When the master returned John was very busy in the field. "John," said he, "where is Jim?"

"He went down to the spring after a bucket of water, sah."

"When is he coming back?"

"Well, sah, if he come back like he went, he's sure due heah now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Diplomacy.

"John," she said, "I notice that almost everybody is wearing earrings now."

"But, my dear," replied John, "if they had such small and shell-like ears as yours they wouldn't clutter them up that way."

Thus did diplomacy, at least for the moment, save off a contemplated touch.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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Scrap Book

Returned the Courtesy.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was strolling on the beach one day when he began chatting with a little girl who was building pyramids of sand. His charm of personality had its customary effect, and the child soon slipped her hand into his and walked with him. By and by the little one said she must return to her mother. "Goodbye, my dear," said Mr. Holmes, "and when mother asks you where you've been, tell her you've been walking on the beach with Oliver Wendell Holmes." The great name was absolutely unknown to the child, but she recognized a courtesy in the words of her stranger friend and was not to be outdone. His pleasant bow and smile acquired a quaint gravity as he imitated by the child. She replied, "And when you go home and they ask you where you've been, tell them you were walking on the beach with Mary Susanna Brown."

Bill Inside.

Bill Jones, a Louisiana storekeeper, went to New Orleans to buy a stock of goods. They were shipped at once and reached home before he did. When the boxes were delivered at the largest store he happened to look at the largest. She uttered a loud cry and called for a hammer. A neighbor, hearing the screams, rushed to her assistance and asked what was the matter. The wife, pale and faint, pointed to an inscription on the box, which read as follows: "Bill inside."

He Objected.

A certain learned professor in New York has a wife and family, but, professorlike, his thoughts are always with his books.

One evening his wife, who had been out for some hours, returned to find the house remarkably quiet. She had left the children playing about, but now they were nowhere to be seen.

She demanded to be told what had become of them, and the professor explained that as they had made a good deal of noise he had put them to bed without waiting for her or calling a maid.

"I hope they gave you no trouble," she said.

"No," replied the professor, "with the exception of the one in the cot here. He objected a good deal to my undressing him and putting him to bed."

"The wife went to inspect the cot."

"Why," she exclaimed, "that's little Johnny Green from next door!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Chamberlain and the Mayor.

Joseph Chamberlain was the guest of honor at a dinner in an important city. The mayor presided, and when coffee was being served the mayor leaned over and touched Mr. Chamberlain, saying, "Shall we let the people enjoy themselves a little longer, or had we better have your speech now?"

50 FIGHT FOR LIFE AT FIRE

Spectacular Blaze in Ten-Story Building

SEVERAL WERE INJURED

Fire Hose Converted Into a Lifeline—On It Many Slid Down to Adjacent Root—Several Removed to Hospital.

New York, June 10.—The lives of half a hundred persons were imperiled and a number of men and women were more or less injured in a spectacular fire in a 10-story building at Broadway and Great Jones street Saturday afternoon.

Many employees, mostly women, of factories on the upper floors, whose escape was cut off by smoke and flames, reached an adjoining roof below by jumping from windows, and others slid down an improvised fire escape which some of the cooler heads had provided out of a long line of hose, a part of the apparatus of the building.

By the time the last person had slid down the hose was covered with blood from hands torn in the rapid descent.

Two men, Israel Shapiro and Honus Lieberman, tailors, jumped from the ninth floor to the roof and were taken to a hospital, painfully hurt.

The injuries of the others were dressed on the spot by ambulance surgeons, and they went home.

The fire started from an explosion, the cause of which was not learned, in the comb manufacturing plant of the Kraus Glaueberg company on the second floor.

English Trout Fishing.

In most English rivers trout fishing begins on March 1, but in Suffolk and Essex trout may not be caught before April 10.

The Anemone.

The anemone is named from two Greek words, signifying "the wind dower," an allusion to the habit of this plant of living in an exposed situation. According to one classical legend, the flower originally sprang from the blood of Adonis. According to another, it sprang from the tears of Venus at the death of one of her many lovers.

How Cynical.

"Of course it is possible for a man to be honest and yet be a multi-millionaire. His father may have made the money."—Sumner's Journal.

A Cheap Practical Joke.

As a result of somebody's cheap practical joke during the larger portion of Thursday afternoon a party of searchers including First Selectman Frank Crawford hunted through the woods in the vicinity of John Rooney's farm in Bennington looking for the body of Abina Perham, better known as William and who resides on Congress street in that town.

Shortly after two o'clock a letter was found on the sidewalk in front of the Clark brushback factory. The letter was addressed to Mr. Crawford, and read as follows:

"Whoever finds this can find me in John Rooney's woods. I will be dead for I have nothing to live for. W. Perham."

The natural conclusion was that the writer of the letter had become despondent and had decided to commit suicide. A half a dozen searchers with Mr. Crawford at once left for the locality indicated in the letter and a thorough search of the woods was made. No trace of Perham was found.

When the searchers returned to the village a more thorough examination of the letter was made. The handwriting was compared with specimens penned by the missing man and the letter at once made out to be a forgery. Having ascertained that the letter was not written by Perham, Mr. Crawford went to work to locate the missing man and by telegraphing to different points learned that he was at work on a farm in Pownall having left here Monday for that town.

The only motive that can be assigned for the writing of the letter is that some acquaintance of Perham attempted to make him the victim of a crude joke.

Inherited Prettiness.

"You are very pretty," he said to the heiress.

"She was a wise girl and recognized her own planness."

"I fancy," she replied, "that my prettiness was inherited along with my grandfather's money."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Baker's Extracts

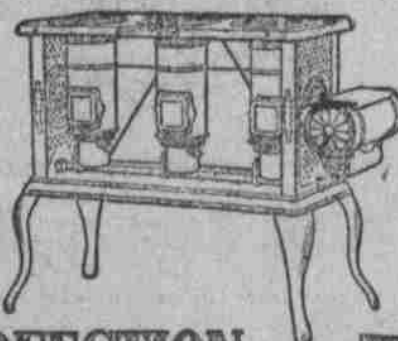
COMPLY WITH ALL FOOD LAWS

There are on the market many concoctions labeled "Extracts" of which this cannot be said—in fact many of them do not contain a particle of the fruit whose name they bear. Knowing this difference, which do you prefer?

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